**War Time Rhymes  
by Edgar A. Guest  
(published 1918)**

http://www.usgennet.org/usa/topic/preservation/books/bmrblbr.jpg

**The Things That Make a Soldier Great**

The things that make a soldier great and send him out to die,  
To face the flaming cannon's mouth, nor ever question why,  
Are lilacs by a little porch, the row of tulips red,  
The peonies and pansies, too, the old petunia bed,  
The grass plot where his children play, the roses on the wall:  
'Tis these that make a soldier great. He's fighting for them all.  
  
'Tis not the pomp and pride of kings that make a soldier brave,  
'Tis not allegiance to the flag that over him may wave;  
For soldiers never fight so well on land or on the foam  
As when behind the cause they see the little place called home.  
Endanger but that humble street whereon his children run—  
You make a soldier of the man who never bore a gun.  
  
What is it through the battle smoke the valiant soldier sees?  
The little garden far away, the budding apple trees,  
The little patch of ground back there, the children at their play,  
Perhaps a tiny mound behind the simple church of gray.  
The golden thread of courage isn't linked to castle dome  
But to the spot, where'er it be—the humble spot called home.  
  
And now the lilacs bud again and all is lovely there,  
And homesick soldiers far away know spring is in the air;  
The tulips come to bloom again, the grass once more is green,  
And every man can see the spot where all his joys have been.  
He sees his children smile at him, he hears the bugle call,  
And only death can stop him now—he's fighting for them all.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST by WILFRED OWEN

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,

Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,

Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs

And towards our distant rest began to trudge.

Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots

But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;

Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots

Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!---An ecstasy of fumbling,

Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;

But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,

And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime...

Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,

As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,

He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace

Behind the wagon that we flung him in,

And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,

His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;

If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood

Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,

Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud

Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,---

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest

To children ardent for some desperate glory,

The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est

Pro patria mori.